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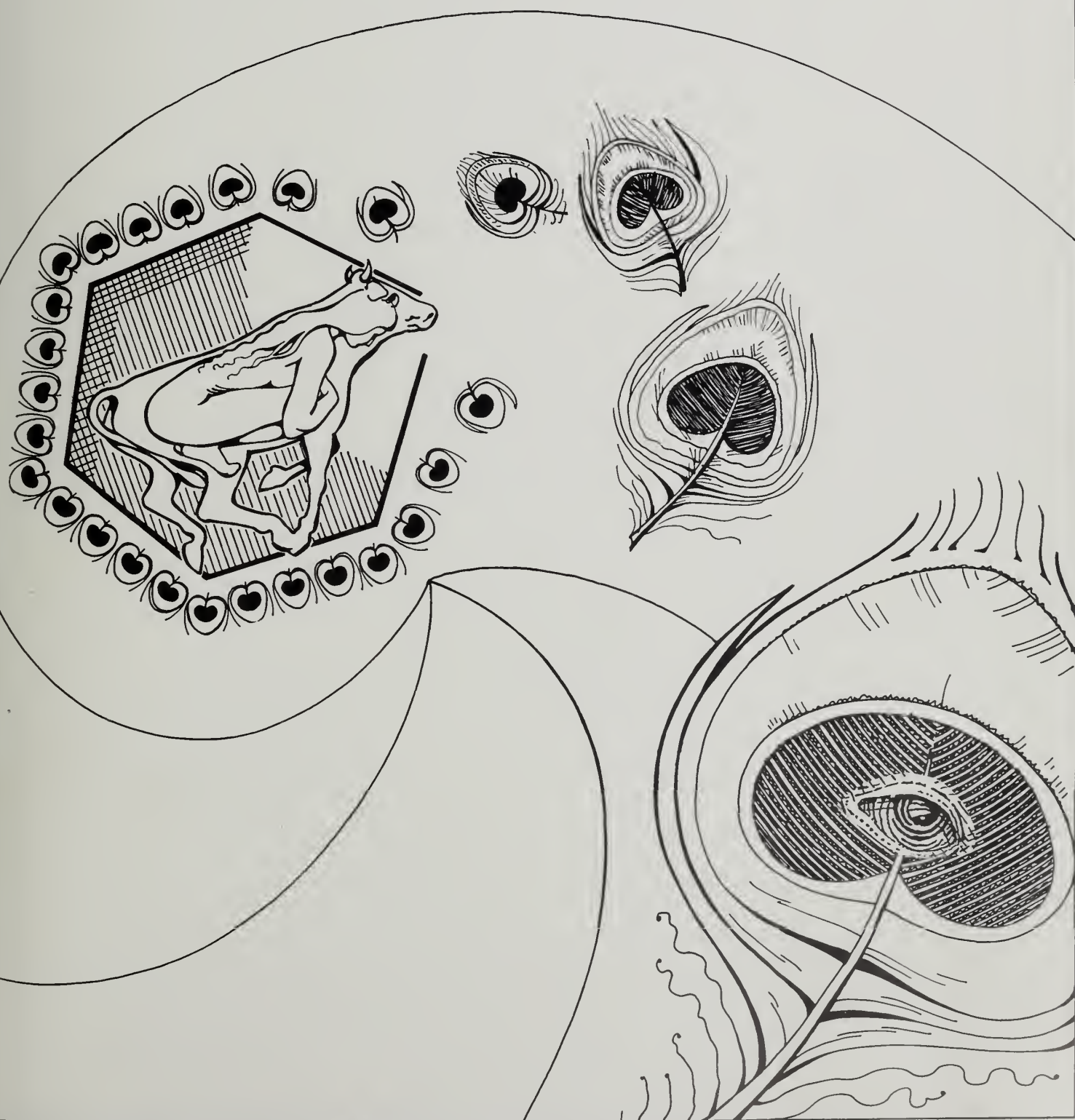
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# ARGUS

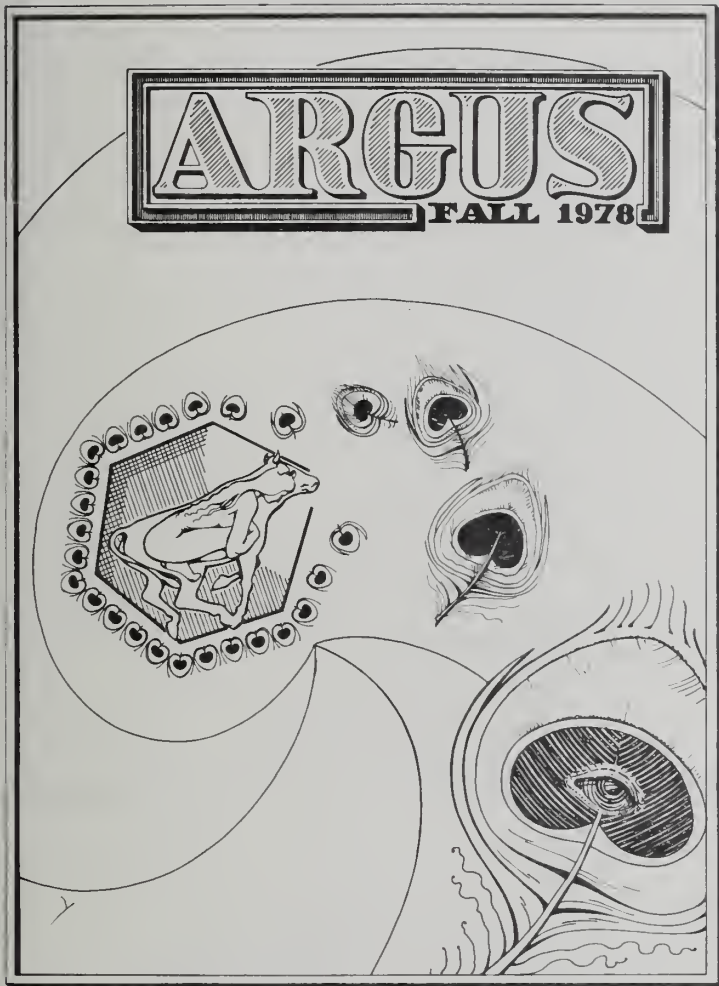
FALL 1978





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### On Making a Cover . . .

In a frozen sequence, Cecil E. Burns' cover artistically suggests two principal characters from the Greek myth of Argus. Io is shown in a fetus position, doubly imprisoned: first, within the form of a white heifer and, second, within a single eye symbolic of the one-hundred eyed Argus. The peacock feathers fringing the central eye represent the transformation of Argus' eyes into the tail of the peacock, and, further, they suggest Io's moment of escape.



# ARGUS

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 1 FALL, 1978

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## smile

mother will want pictures

for me she says

I know

matrimony for love only

show her happiness

mother will want pictures

rare wedding once

I go

enriched bred with leavened dread

so her rising fronts

mother will want children

teasing spoil cry

I no

wife for pleasing wet diapers cling

stow her tiring sigh

mother will want pictures

her last son's first

I crow

memories pass but these will last

slow her growing thirst

mother will want visits

let's welcome spring

I woe

to winter tell our summer smell

snow her lonely ring

mother will want pictures

for me she says

I know

matrimony for love only

show her happiness

*Allen M. Ford*



## STREETWALKER

Dressed in neon,  
scrambled colors on a  
frail flesh structure;  
She sifted her smiles onto the mass of  
eyes flowing past the lamp post.  
None were penetrated, none were held.  
She fainted with the current,  
fading fast into the concrete shadows,  
smiles dripping in the manholes.

*Jackie Dees*

## Untitled

She cries out in agony  
... against the unfairness  
... against the pain  
... against the confusion in her brain,  
And she remembers in detail  
... the loneliness  
... the uselessness  
... the hurt she felt so deep in the darkness of her being.  
She lashes out, fights back  
... and outside she is winning  
... and outside she is strong  
... and the battle is won ... outside.  
But when she is alone with the innermost part of herself  
... the wounds are deep  
... the pain is overwhelming  
... the sadness takes its place over all, and  
She cries out in agony.

## Untitled

*Donna Traub*

cancerous woman; eaten by injustices  
small and spreading  
behind porcelain eyes and rosy painted lips  
  
feel the life-blood drain  
feel the heart drying  
and still she smiles through her sister's tears  
  
now, in the place of grief,  
her widowers eyes blink with tears  
and wink with intent.

*Sheila F. Womack*

## QUESTION

Now that you've seen me cry  
Seen me explode in anger  
Now that you've seen my body's  
Slightly skinny contour  
Now that you know me  
Can you still like me?  
If you can  
Do not answer yes or no  
Do not write an essay response  
Just look at me and smile  
And I'll know

*Bill Twilbeck*

## TWO AS ONE

Two paths leading nowhere,  
Each without a purpose,  
Meet and become a solitaire.  
The two paths live,  
But as one.  
Each giving a part of itself,  
In order that the other may grow.  
Time wears on  
And the paths become two again.  
But, not the same two,  
For each carries with him;  
A part of the other,  
To hold and treasure.  
And each path has a special dream  
Of someday meeting and becoming...  
One again.

*Carolyn Pentecost*

## UNTITLED

Many know you  
Or do they?

Many love you  
Or can they?

Many support you  
Or will they?

For the "you" they see... maybe.

But I can see through you  
And I know you.

And I can sense your needs  
Therefore I love you.

I can understand your unspoken thought  
And when you cry, I'll be your pillow.

Come to me and rest.

*Edith M. Harris*



## UNCANDLED

I breathe gently,  
snuffing out the falseness  
in the paraffin glow  
of your still life eyes  
and suspended-animation heart.

Weeping waxen tears  
in silvery snailpaths  
down your frozen face,  
you soften.

Your paralyzed expression melts  
to rest,  
in multicolored puddles,  
on your shoulders.

And real shine . . .  
not candleshine . . .  
returns to your eyes,  
enlightened.

*Cindy Totten*

## STARE

Stare at me if you want to, but  
Don't include me in your plans.  
I see your mind through your eyes  
And see your very thoughts.  
Why can't others see the obvious?  
Do you let only me see your soul?

A glimmer in your eyes; A twitch of your mustache,  
And that cold forbidding stare.  
Your body is strong since you've trained so hard,  
And your air is confident and sure.  
Why do you glance about at others?  
Are you watching to keep them from seeing?

Our eyes meet and then lock.  
Time is still for only a moment,  
And starts to weave its web again for me.  
You're surprised that I didn't accept your silent call.  
Poor boy, can't you see that we are the same?  
No, not in me, but off you go to find another.

*Donny Boyett*

# Reunion

Jackie Dees

She closed the door slowly and turned her face to the sky. Thick, gray clouds rolled across as far as she could see and rain-misted air drifted against a background of sycamores. A thin layer of spray hit her in the face. With slightly trembling knees she started down the steps.

Her apprehensive eyes glanced down the winding street that led to the river, and she remembered how shaky her voice had sounded on the telephone yesterday. "Lucas, this is your mother. I'd like to see you."

Yesterday had been the second most fearful day of her life. The first occurred sixteen years ago, the day she moved away from this city. She had left in a frenzied rush of last minute calls, with a letter taped to the refrigerator door. An over-packed suitcase was all she took with her, and her last single memory was that of a yellow dumptruck overturned on the sidewalk. She cried on the airplane for three hundred miles.

**"Lucas wasn't a baby. He was a burden.  
And the burden became too heavy."**

Leaving her home of nineteen years had not been easy. This was the city where she had played as a child and married too young. There had been no in-between. No in-between to think about what she wanted from life or where she wanted to go. No in-between to stretch her legs a little before stepping into a demanding world. The change from little girl to housewife came fast. Suddenly life was too real, and life was disappointing.

For awhile Lucas seemed to fill the emptiness that her marriage had produced. But he cried so often, and he was always hungry, or it was always something else. Lucas wasn't a baby. He was a burden. And the burden became too heavy. She fought the work, the frustration, and the desolate feelings for three years before deciding

that life was going nowhere. She wanted out. An emergency exit seemed the only alternative to probable insanity. Lucas would have to adjust.

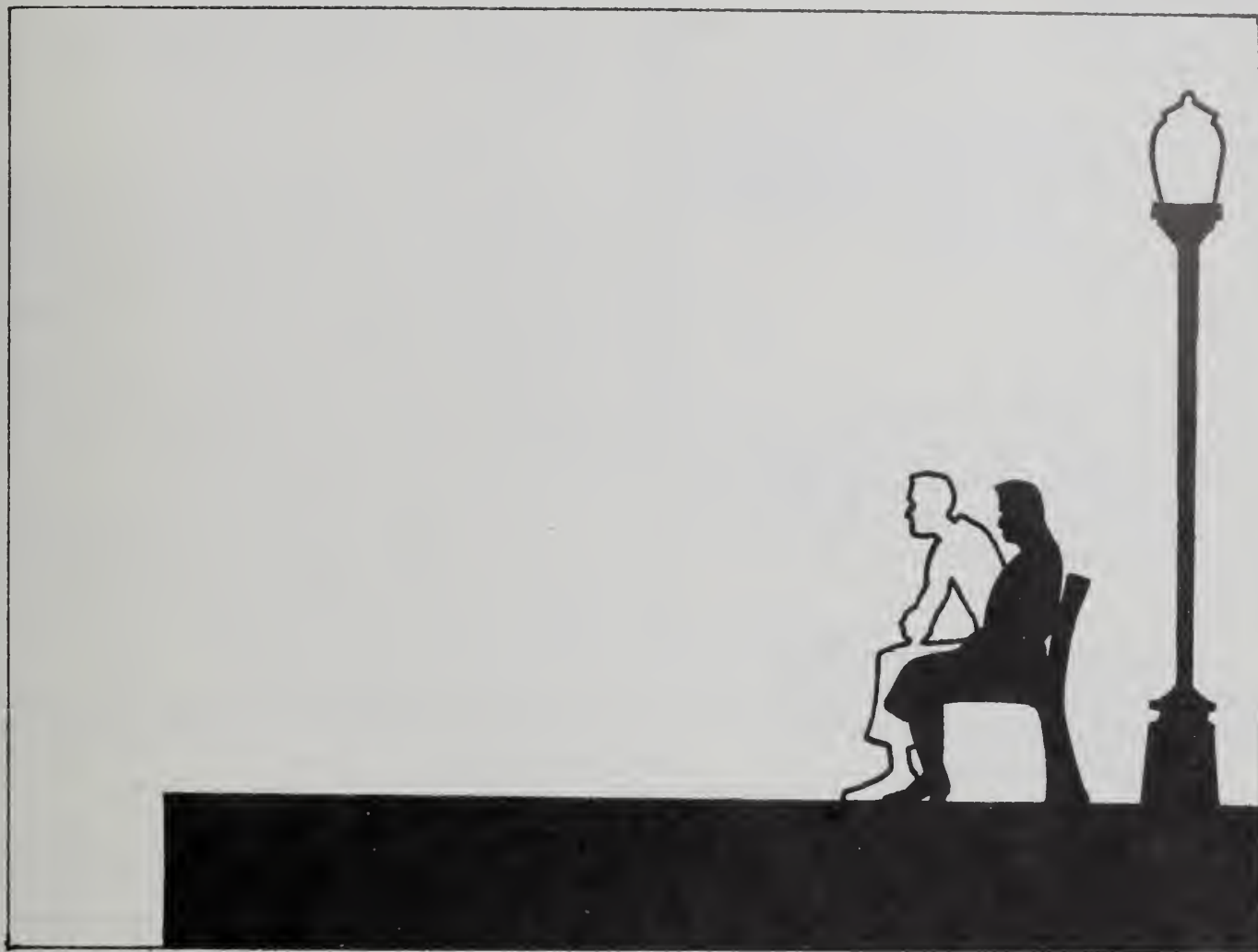
A sudden flurry of brown leaves blew up around her legs, startling the fragmented thoughts that were racing through her mind. Today she was not going to dwell in the somber past. She was thirty-five years old now, and the past was strewn from here to there and spread so thin that only a hint of it remained in her memory. This was reunion day, and what a wonderful reunion it would be. She imagined them laughing together as she told him stories about the first three years of his life. Like the time when they bought the goldfish at the discount store. No other name but Wiggles would do. When the weather turned cold he was so afraid that Wiggles would freeze that he filled the fish bowl with steaming hot water. Wiggles didn't understand. And once he saved up all the

seeds from a summer watermelon, insisting on planting them in the flower bed beside the front door. For a week he watered them diligently. After winter came she supposed he had forgotten about the gardening venture. Then one day early the next spring she found him on his knees in the flower bed with a sprinkling can in his hand, tears dripping in the dirt.

The happy memories eased her tension somewhat and she walked a little faster toward the river. Lucas would understand. She was sure he had adjusted.

Well she certainly had nerve, he thought, pulling a wrinkled t-shirt over his head. To call after sixteen years of silence, as if nothing had happened. "Lucas" was what she'd called him. He hadn't been called Lucas in quite a while. He





could hardly believe that he was actually going to see her today. "I'm sure we have lots of things to say to each other," she had said. Indeed he had a few things to say to her.

He had lived with an angry and bitter father much too long - a father who explained nothing. He was tired of hearing the hollow sound of his footsteps behind him. For years he had felt as if he were running as fast as he could toward an answer to a question he'd been asking all his life, but the closer he seemed to get the louder the hollow sound would get until finally it would drown out the question, leaving him as if standing alone in a dark corridor with clenched fists and no way out. It was time to get at the root of the problem to answer those questions. It was time to punish the guilty, and he was going to let

her have it.

Lucas stepped outside and looked up at the sky. Thick, gray clouds rolled across as far as he could see. Rain misted air sprinkled on his head as he started toward the river. A sudden gust of wet air sprayed into his face, scattering hazy memories of army men and dumptrucks.

He found her sitting on a blue metal bench looking out at the barges floating by on the river. Her shoulder-length brown hair rain sparkled like a crown of diamonds, he thought, and he stood back a few minutes just to look at her. Her face was at once familiar, and Lucas wasn't sure whether it was because of a faraway memory or because she looked so much like himself.

He walked a little closer and with peripheral vision she noticed him and turned a startled face

his way. For a moment they just stared.

"Heavens. You must be at least six-three," she broke the silence.

How very observant, thought Lucas. He replied, "Six-two."

He sat down on the bench about two feet away from her, very unsure as to proper procedure. He had never had a real live-in mother, so her didn't know much about them. He was just hoping she wouldn't cry or anything like that.

She wasn't crying.

"Lucas, . . ."

"You can call me Luke."

"Okay. Luke. I don't know where to begin. There are so many things I want to say to you. I'm so happy at being able to see you again. We have so much catching up to do." She began to twist on the cord hanging from the hood of her raincoat.

**"...her last single memory was that of a yellow dump truck overturned on the sidewalk. She cried on the airplane for three hundred miles."**

Catching up? He wanted no part of catching up. He had just come to ask a few questions so he could continue his life in peace. Just a few straight answers was all he wanted and then he would leave her sitting there in the rain. Alone. Just like he felt that she had left him sixteen years ago.

"Listen. I didn't come here to catch up on the events of our lives or anything. I just came to catch up on a few questions. Just answer a few questions. That's all you have to do."

The glow had fallen out of her face. He wasn't supposed to do this. These questions were supposed to come later, after they had laughed awhile and maybe gone out for dinner.

"I'll try."

You'd better try hard, he thought. "I just want to know why. Why did you leave?"

An uneasiness had slowly replaced her joy. She looked down at her hands. "I left because I had to."

"I don't understand that. My father said he gave you everything you could possibly want."

She looked up at his eyes. They looked very much like another pair of eyes that had

questioned her years ago, night after night in dark rooms inside an empty house. The other eyes had not understood either.

"He couldn't give me freedom," she answered.

"Were you expecting freedom when you married?"

"In a way."

"In what way?"

"I guess I was looking for an escape. When I was younger I had a lot of questions, too, and no one had answers. So I ran. But I ran the wrong way. Marriage wasn't the escape or the freedom I'd hoped it would be."

"So you ran? Just ran away from all your problems? Sounds a little irrational to me," he said and looked out across the river.

"That's exactly what it was." She felt she knew his thoughts. They were probably the same ones that other people had. What kind of a person could do such a thing? What kind of mother would leave her child?

"And what about me?" he asked, a little surprised that she wasn't putting up the fight he'd expected.

"You were a victim."

Luke was silent for a few minutes, thinking. He already knew he was a victim, but it was just nice to hear her say it. For so long he had wanted to hear her admit it. And now she had. But he wasn't satisfied.

**"The glow had fallen out of her face. He wasn't supposed to do this."**

As a final blow he added, "How would you feel if your mother had done this to you?"

Without hesitation she answered, "My mother died when I was a year old."

Luke noticed her high cheekbones and the way the wrinkles around her eyes seemed to ride upon them like waves beating down ocean rocks. He felt a distant ache somewhere in his body begin to crumble and dissolve. She wasn't the evil deserter he'd expected to see. She was very much like himself, the child who ran for answers just as he'd been running all these years.

It was beginning to rain harder now, and Luke reached over and pulled the rain hood onto her head.

She began the story about the goldfish.



## LARKEN'S POEM

I came on the tail of dementia  
expecting miracles while betting  
on the dark horse  
And I held my fragility  
like a bubble in the hands  
of a frightened child  
And I said to you-  
“Look, it has sparkles and glitters,  
it must be worthy of something”

And you smiled-  
far beyond the place where men do  
and did not take it from me  
or even look into its gaze  
with your glasses-  
Instead you held your hands open-  
far below mine  
And the bubble rolled onto your palms  
and lodged into your hollows  
And we laughed as it warmed  
and glowed with dimpled reality

And now I sit at 2AM  
scratching on paper in a scorpion's  
dance, trying to remove the  
sting  
I am giving thought and time  
burning to return your gift  
as I feel your bubble roll  
into my hands  
and lodge in my palms  
warming and glowing  
without need or demand  
of monthly installments.

*Jim Allen*

## THE CLOUDS

The clouds  
are drifting by,  
as you are here,  
holding me.  
I, too, would  
drift by,  
if not for you,  
holding me.  
For living within me  
is the unvanquished desire to wander.  
To wander over hills.  
To wander through fields.  
To wander through life.

But you, by holding me,  
have calmed this  
gnawing desire . . .  
for the moment.

*Sally Vaught*

## OCTOBER

Again we gaze  
Through the cleaner, cooler sky  
of October's old age,  
Letting our heads  
absorb into the smooth soft  
of clouds and colors,  
Laughing  
in the most secret corners  
of our soul,  
Knowing  
that God must really get off  
on kissing our eyes with his sunsets.

*Randy Logan*

## A TOUCH OF VELVET

The night is calm with a slight rustle of leaves.  
The air is fresh with hints of rain and pine,  
And the coolness of the night is accentuated  
By the memory of the heat of the day.  
Assisted by the dim lights of summer stars  
I see the twinkle of a hidden fire in your eyes,  
And in awe I watch it pulsate in mystic rhythm  
To music from an ancient flute and lyre.  
I must touch your face, and there I find a smile.  
My composure rushes out to feel your form,  
And you laugh at my impatience.  
Our lips meet and remain  
As our hands are compelled to explore the other's terrain.  
And hidden in a primal forest is the cool softness of velvet.  
Oneness begins.  
Virgo is lost to Gemini never to return.  
Dualism of mind and body remain eternally.

*Donny Boyett*

DEAR JOHN

This is to inform  
you,  
that I am canceling  
your insurance policy.

You see,

You are  
a high risk

a bad investment,

careless with my soul  
reckless with my love.

The premiums  
you pay

have become  
insignificant tokens,

far outweighed by  
my compensation of tears.

*Sonya Rozeman*

## MUGSHOTS

You cannot post my picture  
amid the ex-butterflies  
in your collection.  
The state never wanted me  
(dead or alive) and  
neither  
did  
you.

*Cindy Totten*

**don't worry**

i have  
my heart  
gagged and tied  
to a  
chair back  
in my room

*Billy Ray Gingles*



# Greener Pastures

Jackie Dees

Coffee time was at two o'clock. There were no exceptions. You went at two or you did without. At home he was used to drinking his coffee around four o'clock. He wanted to put an electric coffee pot in his room so he could have his coffee whenever he felt like it. But it was too dangerous. Electrical appliances were not allowed in the rooms.

There were lots of things that were not allowed here. Visitors after 10 p.m. were not allowed. Not that he had any visitors that late. Not that he had any visitors at all but if he should ever get any he would certainly want them to stay later than ten.

At home he was used to staying up until midnight, sometimes reading or listening to the radio. But everyone around here went to bed about nine, and if he stayed up later than that with the light on or listening to the Walker Family Evening Gospel Hour the nurse would stick her fuzzy brown head with slightly raised eyebrows in the door and say, "Mr. Davis, do you realize that some of your neighbors are trying to sleep?"

He hated it when she referred to them as "neighbors." He had no neighbors here. All of his real neighbors were a hundred miles away. They were in their own homes, probably sitting on their very own front porches. And they could sit there until the rooster crowed if they felt like it. But not here. The closest thing to a porch around this place was the slab of concrete next to the fence that separated them from the highway, with two peeling green rockers on it. And the horn blasts of the racing cars and trucks wasn't

---

**"There were lots of things that were not allowed here."**

---

anything like a nice long cock-a-doodle-doo.

He had begged them not to do it. He said, "Ginger, I've lived in this old shack for sixty years now. I cooked many a meal for your mother when she turned sick with the virus. Tending house ain't nothing to me."

But Ginger wouldn't have it any other way. "Daddy, you know mother would have wanted it this way."

---

**"That's when she started the whole mess. He pleaded, he argued, he tried everything imaginable. But Ginger was too persistent."**

---

She was wrong about that. Mother would not have wanted it this way. Mother knew his heart, and he knew that mother would probably have said, "Daddy, you just do the best you know how. The McKinnley's down the road will do all they can to help you. You wouldn't last a year cooped up in a place like that."

He often imagined her saying those words. He wished she could have told Ginger how it was. He supposed it was the fall that got her thinking. He had slipped on the icy back steps last winter and fell and busted open his head on a rock. He was knocked out for about a half hour until Sam McKinnley came and got him into the house. It wasn't a bad cut. He didn't even have to go to the doctor, but when Ginger found out about it she got very upset.

That's when she started the whole mess. He pleaded, he argued, he tried everything imaginable. But Ginger was too persistent. She said she would just rest easier at night if he would go. "Daddy you were never one to cause a big fuss."

They rented out his house to a family that had just moved there from Tennessee. He didn't ask who they were or how many children they had.

He didn't like the thought of little kids running through his living room, coloring on his walls and things like that. Mother was probably turning over in her grave.

He brought as many things with him as he could fit into the little room they assigned him to, along with his roommate, Mr. James. Ginger said she would store at her house all his dishes and furniture.

The last day he remembered being at home, he swept a pile of pine straw off the front steps as he watched the McKinnley's walk down the road back to their house. Mrs. McKinnley had baked a peach cobbler pie to take with him and had promised to feed Jake for as long as he stayed around. Jake was his old black hunting dog, and he had barked hysterically when Ginger drove up. The old house had never looked more beautiful, he thought, as he looked out the back car window at its silhouette against the woods, with the blue, evening April sky peeking through the tree limbs. Jake ran behind the car until the dust clouded him away.

The nurses were extremely happy to see him when he arrived. All he had to do was yell and they would bring him anything he needed. He thanked them just the same. At eighty-three he may have appeared ready to collapse, but the wrinkled hands could still plow a garden and the wooden cane was only for security. "I'll have you know I walk five miles a day when I'm at home."

A few of the other residents were friendly, although most remained strangers. Mr. James was always trying to get him to play dominoes. Dominoes were for old men, though, just like sewing was for old ladies. He mostly just walked around in the halls while the others watched TV or listened to the singing they had every Wednesday evening. A group of ladies from the Baptist church did the singing and he didn't go because they reminded him of whining cats, and that reminded him of Jake, and Jake reminded him of home.

---

**"At eighty-three he may have appeared ready to collapse, but the wrinkled hands could still plow a garden and the wooden cane was only for security."**

---

Eating schedules were not easily adjusted to. At home he could eat whatever he wanted whenever he felt like it. At this place he had to eat at seven, eleven-thirty, and five. There were no exceptions. The food wasn't worth getting up for either. He supposed Sam McKinnley was planting his fall potatoes around this time.

Mrs. McKinnley had written faithfully for awhile, but gradually the letters came less often and finally not at all. Ginger dropped a postcard on his birthday and once during the summer, and the usual white socks and handkerchiefs arrived at Christmas. She had said to call whenever anything happened, but nothing ever did. He supposed she was resting easier these days.

He made a few new acquaintances during the first six months. They gathered every so often and discussed weather and grandchildren. But there were stories that he kept hidden deep inside. They were stories that weren't mentioned to the others because he knew they wouldn't want to hear. They had just as many stories to tell as he did, but there was never anyone to listen. He often felt that he had eighty-four years of memories and half-forgotten tales saved up for just the right person, a grandchild perhaps, only to find that the person did not exist.

A year had not yet passed when snow fell one day early in January. He decided to walk down the road to see if the pond had frozen over, but the nurse reminded him that there was no pond

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**"He often felt that he had eighty-four years of memories and half-forgotten tales saved up for just the right person..."**

---

for miles around. His memory wasn't as clear these days, and often he forgot the number of his room. He sat down next to the window and looked out at the snowflakes falling slowly to the ground.

"Mr. Davis, Ginger is on the phone. She wants to talk to you," a nurse appeared.

"Ginger? I don't know any Ginger. Maybe it's Jake that's calling. Yeah, Jake. Tell ole' Jake to come by and see me sometimes. I haven't seen Jake in years."

# LimerickLimerickLimerickLimerickLimerickLimerick

A form of light verse, the limerick is composed of five anapestic lines rhyming abba. Limerick takes its name from a county of the Republic of Ireland and is characterized by wit and bawdiness. Students enrolled in English 330, the Creative Writing Class, were assigned to write a number of limericks as an exercise in form. On this page is a sampling of their work. Novices now, the goal of each 330 student is to write a limerick worthy of Isaac Asimov's approval.

Candlelight, wine, no mirage,  
A repast for Caesar's menage.  
His taste long since bland  
With salt shaker in hand  
He seasoned her décolletage.

*Marjory Todtenbier*

I met a cute girl named Nancy  
Whose last name happened to be Clancy  
And knowing the Irish  
to be quite stylish  
I decided to tickle her fancy.

*Jamie Sanders*

Determined, the whole world they would stun  
She was mixed in a tube to form one.  
Conceived in a bright lab,  
Not in a taxi-cab,  
And I doubt that it was quite as much fun.

*Jackie Dees*

I knew a young girl from the city,  
Who wanted to think she was pretty.  
On entering a show  
Wearing her dress cut low,  
The judges just exclaimed, "What a pity!"

*Sonya Rozeman*



There was a young jock from Monroe  
Who knew that his I.Q. was low,  
"I'll try N.S.U."  
Said he. And it's true.  
The coach helped him make honor roll.

*Sharon Cave*

While sitting one day under trees  
I learned of the birds and the bees  
The man took my hand  
And the action began  
Which left me with a social disease.

*Brenda Herbert*

There was a girl who felt she must  
Sate her burning lust  
To curb Nature's will  
She took a little white pill  
But it failed, and she looks like she'll bust.

*Jennifer Harrison*

To women who feel quite jejune  
Take note of an unfortunate buffoon  
who demanded an operation  
but to her desperation  
Has completely misplaced a bossoom.

*Debbie Fitch*

There was a brown squirrel behind us  
Who played and did romp around thus  
Number six banged his call  
From the tree he did fall  
For din din this eve he joined us.

*Jerry Van Hoosen*

There once was a lady from Boston  
Who thought she'd try a man from Austin  
The doctors they say  
found her the next day  
Suffering from sheer exhaustion.

*Don Webb*

**Untitled**

sweet oblivion  
pours over cold cubes  
and melts -  
    slowly seeping  
    through a lifetime  
til watery reality surfaces  
and the glass  
is surrounded  
with beads of awareness -  
    now falling and spreading,  
    hope itself is wet.

*Sheila F. Womack*

**MEMORIES RUSH BACK**

Memories rush back and  
flood my  
    mind  
until they overflow  
through my  
    eyes  
and run  
down my  
    cheeks  
leaving behind  
a trail of  
    love.

*Sally Vaught*

**that night**

when you  
left

the earth  
slowed

and i could  
not

see past my  
hands

*Billy Ray Gingles*

# False Prince,

## Broken Slipper

Sonya Rozeman

Jill sighed as she bent to pick up a discarded napkin. The place was crowded, and she knew that before the night was over, Pete would find some way to make her angry. It was 7 P.M., and she turned around just in time to see him stride toward the dimmer switch in the back. Jill noticed that he looked darker than usual, his black hair providing a striking contrast to the starkness of his white shirt. Moving easily, he seemed oblivious to the stares that followed him.

"Oh, sorry baby." A tall, heavy guy had backed into her in trying to move from one end of the bar to another. Jill smiled her cocktail waitress smile, hating herself as much as she hated him. It was scary, that generalized impersonal hate toward men she had developed in three long months. They reminded her of peacocks at the zoo. Never losing their composure, they used her as a mirror instead of the water pool in their cage. She had learned to play on their vanity, give them just enough of herself to promise nothing, suggest anything.

What was that article she had read last month? Something about prostitution. Oh yes. Every woman prostituted herself. Sold herself for security, for attention. Thirteen pieces of silver, a dinner date, a two-dollar tip. "Just a bunch of hookers," she mumbled to herself.

"Jill, those guys haven't been waited on yet." The night manager's voice brought her back.

"Okay, Aaron, I'm going." Aaron was all right. He had told one of the other waitresses that he was bisexual. Jill laughed to herself. She had heard that one before. Famous lines, somebody should write a book. It was supposed to be a challenge to go out with a bisexual. Everybody around the club was into mind games.

The rules were simple if you were willing to play. No strings, no attachments, no real emotions were allowed. It was exhausting, and the artificial stimulation was always temporary, the aftereffects deadly. The stakes were just too high for her. She had to talk to Pete.

"What can I do for you guys?" That cocktail waitress smile again.

"Beer all around, darlin'."

"Draft?"

"Don't I know you?"

"I work here." The sarcasm was lost on him. "Dark or light?"

"Yeah." His voice sounded distracted as his eyes sized her up, quickly and expertly. "I mean dark draft. Just bring us a pitcher, darlin'. Don't mean to confuse you. I never give a good lookin' woman a hard time. Against my principles." That produced a laugh from the table.

"What principles, Ed?" More snickers.

Jill could feel their eyes as she moved toward the bar. Anger moved inside of her again.

"They don't have any right," she thought. But they did have the right. She gave them the right when she went to work here. She was a target, an easy shot. She was getting paid to take it, coming back night after night for more.

Pete was behind the bar as she approached. He had his back to her, and held a bottle of gin, maybe vodka in one hand. With the other he reached for an empty glass. As he moved, his head turned slightly, and in the darkness he looked like a small boy pouring a glass of milk. That was what made it so hard. He was so disarming at times, so carefree. She could love him if he would let her.

"Sweet little Jill," he would smile as he stroked her face, her short shining hair. "Poor little darlin'." There was tenderness in his voice, a little light in his eyes. Sitting on the porch of her tiny house, she would feel a part of herself slip away, the bitterness lift.

But at the club, there were other hands to be held, faces to be stroked. "I'm only doing my job, little Jill. The ladies don't mean anything to me." Those eyes implored, and her anger melted away like the ice cubes in forgotten glasses of Scotch and water.

"Pete, I have an order." Her voice was what



he expected it to be. Light, tough, teasing - necessary ingredients of survival.

"All right, baby, be with you in a second." He filled the glass with Sprite, added what Jill could now see was gin.

"Take this to that guy over there, the one with the blue shirt, O.K.?"

"That's not my table, Pete."

"It's all right. Please, darlin', he's a friend of mine." Pete's voice had become coaxing, gentle.

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**"He had told one of the waitresses that he was bisexual . . . Everybody around the club was into mind games."**

---

"O.K., you win." Jill mumbled under her breath. "You always win." As she moved toward a back table with the drink, she felt someone pull on her sleeve. The small glass rattled on the tray, but she managed to steady it with her free hand. "Hey, Baby." Jill wanted to ignore him, but she couldn't afford the luxury. The slurred greeting had come from the beer drinkers. They were getting drunk, and drunk men meant heavy tips.

"No," she thought. "It's not prostitution, because prostitutes can choose their patrons." She glanced at the table. They were all laughing, too loudly. In a brief instant she categorized them. It was the only way she kept her sanity. Rednecks. Their jeans were faded and they wore western-style shirts, all alike. "Big night on the town," she thought cynically.

"Hey, sweetheart, over here." More laughter.

"Be with you in a second." Another smile from the cocktail waitress part of her.

"But a minute won't do it. Me and my friends here need another round." He was already drunk.

"I just have to take this. . . ." He grabbed her arm again, more roughly this time. She fought to control the anger. It would be futile to cause a scene. Aaron was already looking her way. Jill motioned for a passing waitress. "That back table, Janet. Thanks."

"Time for those beers, honey?"

Her voice was expressionless, "Right."

Back at the bar, she looked around for Pete. He was down at the far end, where the lead singer of the band leaned close to him. She was laughing, and her hair brushed his hand. Jill felt that

familiar stab. It happened every week. A different singer, customer, it didn't matter. As long as he didn't get bored, stay in one place too long. Aaron was covering for him.

"How many beers, Jill?" He had caught her staring, the pain in her eyes.

"Five, Aaron, thanks." The smile was there again, and she stepped closer to the bar. "Why don't you take me away from all this. We could go to Tahiti. I hear the weather is gorgeous this time of year." She laughed, teasing him. Aaron ruffled her hair.

"Some other time, Jill." He was trying to play along, but pity showed through. He turned to fill the frosty mugs. Balancing them carefully on her tray, Jill made her way back to the table. They had cornered some girls. She recognized them, still in high school.

"Good," she sighed. Maybe the good old boys would behave themselves. They did, and the loud-mouth Ed left a dollar on her tray. Resisting the impulse to throw it in his face, Jill smiled.

It was time to make a round, to check on her tables. She was right. The place was nearly full, and through the smoke she could see that it was only 9. The people were thick, standing next to tables and blocking the aisles. As she made her way through them, she could feel the rising excitement. Jill didn't even have to look to know that the band was stepping on the brightly lit stage. She glanced toward them. The lead singer was striking. Tall, blonde, and thin, the girl was wearing a satin dress that shimmered under the glaring stage lights. Pete was watching too, no doubt.

---

**"She gave them the right when she went to work here. She was a target, an easy shot."**

---

She began the familiar routine, bending close to the men and asking them if they needed anything else.

"You look great, Jill." The voice came from a table close by. It was Richard. He came in a lot, and asked her out occasionally. She always said she was busy or going out of town. Everytime he called there was some kind of excuse. He was O.K., but Pete usually came over on her nights off. Usually, except for those times he would call.

She could hear his voice echoing in her ear, music in the background.

"Sorry, darlin', can't make it tonight. Just tied up. See you at work. Don't be mad, O.K.?"

"Hey Pete, that's all right. I understand, really. No, I didn't do anything special. Don't worry about it. Janet said something about coming over. We might go out to the club."

"You're a sweetheart." The music played on in the background.

"See ya."

Hanging up the phone, she would go to the kitchen and turn off the stove.

"Jill?" Richard's voice brought her back to reality. "Could you bring me a Scotch and water?"

"Sure, Richard." That smile again.

---

**"Every woman prostituted herself.  
Sold herself for security, for attention."**

---

The night wore on, and by midnight the dance floor was crowded. Jill was getting tired, wearied by the constant struggle. She had made countless trips to the bar, carrying empty trays to be filled with brimming beer mugs and clinking cocktails.



Everyone was drunk, if not on liquor, intoxicated by the atmosphere of the place. She caught herself rudely pushing through the crowd, and heard her own voice yelling at Janet, demanding the return of her pencil.

"Jill, darlin', do you have a minute?" Pete was standing behind the bar, a concerned frown passing across his face.

"My God," she thought. "What does he mean, a minute. He doesn't just want a minute. What does he want?"

"Listen, little Jill." He picked up her free hand, kissing it gently. "Hang on. It's not long before closing time, and I'll take you home."

She searched his eyes, withdrew her hand. "Sure, if I don't get a better offer." He looked startled at the comment. It was supposed to sound cool, nonchalant. In confusion, she turned away. "Gotta go, I've got a customer waiting."

At 2 a.m. the band announced the final song, and people started to leave. The bar was closing, and Pete smiled as Jill glanced in his direction. "Just wipe the tables," she directed herself. "Wipe the tables, empty the ash trays. Just a little bit longer." Pete would take her home, they were both off tomorrow night. Dinner, maybe. She was sorry for the comment. She would fix those steaks.

Her back ached as she bent to wipe the last table, empty the ash tray. She hummed a little to herself. Couldn't remember the name of the song. Someone turned up the lights. The place was littered with discarded cigarette packages. A drink list lay on the dance floor, torn by countless feet. There, she was through. It was time to go home. She looked around for Pete. The bar was deserted, his jacket gone from its customary hook. A chill wind blew in from the open door, and Jill walked slowly toward it, instinctively knowing what she would see.

They were laughing. His suede jacket was draped over her shoulders, a strange contrast to the black satin of her dress. He opened the car door for her, and hurried in the cold to start the engine. Jill bent slowly, her hair blowing in the open doorway. Her fingers reached for the crumpled napkin, just as it skittered out of her reach.

## rusted razor blades

my mirror is cracked.  
for stuff or phlegm  
red vile hour's relief

my mirror is cracked.  
three pills, now pale,  
dot dried shaving cream

my mirror is cracked.  
two shelves in thick  
whiskers dust and damp

my mirror is cracked.  
one hinge hangs on  
crusted tube of love

my mirror is cracked.  
no band-aids stop  
rusted razor blades.

*Allen M. Ford*

## subterfuge

it is late  
my hair waving  
like a child

clouds strangling  
the half moon

follow me into  
paralyzed rooms

where the mirror  
holds a tear sliding

i will not wind  
the clock before bed

*Billy Ray Cingles*

## ALONE

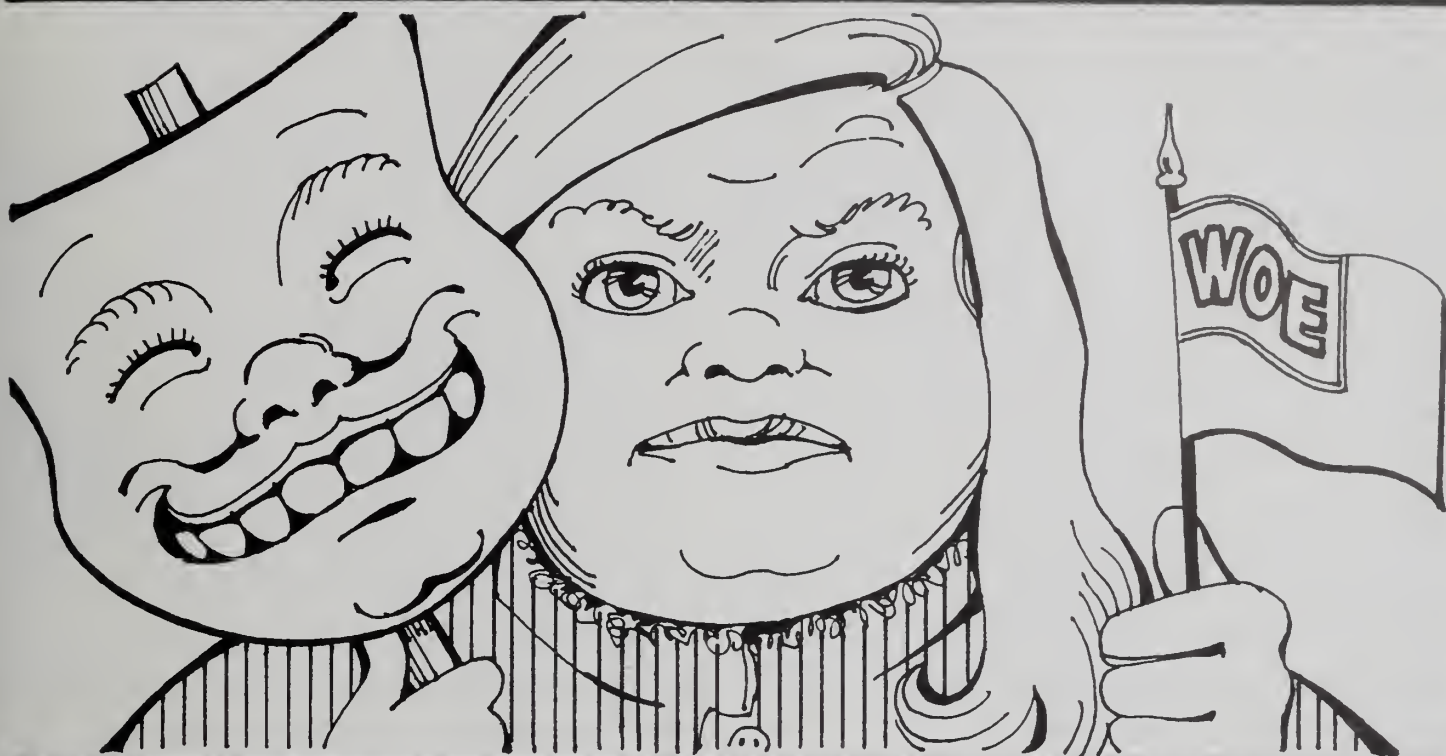
Cigarettes and coffee.  
Walking in the night.  
Staying awake 'till three  
Sitting without light.

Fixing one T.V. dinner.  
Not shaving for days.  
Thinking of ways to get thinner  
While eating a bag of LAYS.

Calling Dial-a-Prayer.  
Trying to fall into sleep.  
Believing no one cares  
About emotions that linger deep.

*Jamie Sanders*





## Obesity Woes

Jennifer Harrison

Not too long ago I was leisurely browsing through an issue of Newsweek when, much to my surprise, I stumbled upon an article entitled "That Lean and Hungry Look." Curious, I quickly scanned the article. I was appalled. It was written by a person, admittedly overweight, who related the joys of being corpulent and what we thin people are missing out on. Certainly this person could not be serious. But if so, a reply was in order, and I felt qualified to respond. I can speak from experience. I've been down that pudgy road. For the first thirteen years of my life, obesity plagued me. Believe me, it's no picnic. How can one find pleasure in walking into a department store and being able to wear only the "Pretty Plus" sizes? Does one know the agony of being the only girl in class that the boys profess no interest in whatsoever, except to toss an occasional "Hey, Fatso" at? If one can find pleasure in these and sundry other traumas, please point it out to me.

I've come to the conclusion that fat people, who have been falsely labeled "jolly," are probably not as content as they would like to appear. They cannot perform as adroitly in athletics, nor can they appear as attractive in

their clothing as thinner people. Because of these shortcomings, they try to compensate in other ways, such as displaying clown-like behavior — which probably isn't genuine. I feel that, deep down inside, the "pleasantly plump" would really love to be "pleasantly thin."

I will never forget the euphoric feeling experienced after shedding my extra poundage as a prepubescent youngster. My self-confidence and self-image were increased tenfold. I would not take a million pounds in gold for the countless compliments I received or the fact that I was able to fit, at long last, into a size 9. The thing that made me happiest, though, was that boys, for the first time, showed a positive interest in me. And being called "Skinny" after years of being dubbed "Fatso" was sweet music to my ears.

Speaking from this personal experience, I am convinced that the joys of being thin far outweigh the joys of being overweight. However, for one to truly appreciate being svelte, one must have experienced the unhappiness of being portly. Fat people may profess they are happy and content with themselves, but I think they would be much happier sporting that "lean and hungry look."

## FRAGMENTS/DEBRIS

A thread of hair on blanket found my eye:  
 A petty part of me, left recklessly,  
 Reminds finders, fleetingly wry, of my  
 Shedding-sheepdog idiosyncrasy.  
 A hint of scent and lost fingernail scraps;  
 Transitory debris, fading fragments.  
 Biodegradable memories lapse  
 As time slips by me, my life to condense.  
 Will all I leave be trivial and spare,  
 Losing the expected mosaic parts  
 Of life (money, virginity, teeth, hair)?  
 Brief impressions, too, stain minds of co-hearts.  
 I will bequeath enduring things sky-wild:  
 Poem, sketch, firm-sown tree, a healthy child.

*Cindy Totten*

## LADIES

They pass like haughty queens who know no dust,  
 No sleepless nights with fears of empty quest;  
 No careless laughter, floating light with trust,  
 Perfecting perfects, hoarding best of best.  
 They favor lace, and Proust, and wine with cheese;  
 And hold their hands outstretched with fingers spread  
 To contemplate the finer points of ease.  
 A sigh is feigned, a smile, a toss of head  
 Discussing issues with emotions held  
 In hands that scatter hot tears in pretense.  
 Forgotten pain, with plastic hearts impelled  
 To utter meaningless benevolence.  
 The cries are from the street, the hungry kind.  
 They ask to shut the window, close the blind.

*Sonya Rozeman*

## Untitled

On looking back I'll tell you what I saw  
 As best I can, it was so long ago.  
 A victim of society, she'd draw  
 A crowd so fast, though no one seemed to know  
 Just how she felt when 'ere the people came  
 And stared, and laughed, and paid to see her sit  
 Enduring all the jokes, it was a game  
 That they all played until she threw the fit.  
 She punched a nose and smashed a mouth so that  
 An insult never more were they to give.  
 Especially to call a woman fat.  
 They learned to value life, they learned to live.  
 So this I say, be careful where you stare.  
 Make sure not at the fat girl at the fair.

*Jackie Dees*

## STRETCH MARKS

My nail polish pearl, as it silkily  
 Sank, formed streaks . . a vertical hexigram  
 Of Oriental opportunity,  
 Hermaphrodite yin-yang, private ashram.  
 These are my stretch marks, my cookie-crumb trails  
 Longitudinal ladders to ascend.  
 My Thursday's child life of surprising tales . .  
 Rubber-band resilient, in places thinned . .  
 Saves me from being a shadow-woman  
 Whose stretches are just from physical growth.  
 I'll seek my limits, my potential plan,  
 And when I am weary, journey to loathe . .  
 My pearl, submerged semiprecious metal,  
 Makes frosted-ringlets speak: I will settle.

*Cindy Totten*



Edith M. Harris

Christel Steyerman

Jackie Dees

Jackie Dees

Lindal Coston

Vickie M. Karamales

## Class of '65

Chuck Fulda

Edith M. Harris

Marilyn Sorrell

## Jackie Dees

Nigel Nicholson

Haiku Haiku Haiku Haiku Haiku Haiku Haiku Haiku Haiku Haiku



THE LOVE POEM  
[For Charlotte McKay]

I am tired of being common-  
as common as the banality that surrounds  
the weaver's loom and as iridescent as the  
silver singed blades of a moth's wings  
I catch myself whispering maybes into  
mirrors of my own creation.  
I dance on my novice toes-  
the toes that create the girl who  
can wear long gowns and still curse  
with the freest sailors while holding  
onto credit cards and glass slippers.  
I pay fifty dollars an hour to men  
to convince me that I escaped from  
the need I still feel fluttering under  
my breast skin like a cheap pocket watch  
on overwind  
And I know I draw on cigarettes and bottles  
in order to keep from completing the puzzle  
that cuts jigsaw forms from the sand  
under her steps.

*Jim Allen*

A four-leaf clover winked at me today  
from its hiding place in a ditch.  
As I was about to pluck it greedily  
from its tri-leaved shamrock brothers  
And crush it, green-staining pages,  
in the nearest book, I hesitated.  
It winked again and I  
winked back: conspirators.  
And I left it alive  
so it could survive  
to cover the earth with luck.

*Cindy Totten*

ROLLING STONES

I am looking for answers  
under stones that have worn  
smooth in the hollows  
of my palms  
and I hold them in Gypsy form  
expecting to see through this  
dark horse to the longing I  
carry inside of me like  
a magnet  
I collect my treasures always  
hoping wanting that one piece  
that would make the set complete-  
so I roll the stones, the large one  
in my right hand- because it  
sits over my life line for so long  
that I can feel my pulse through it  
My poems don't say anything-  
they are addressed to the longing  
inside of me which searches when  
I roll stones too far.

*Jim Allen*

## MINDLESS WONDER

sitting in a classroom subconsciously  
tryin' to grasp every sound, movement  
of an idea - frantically.  
consciously not giving a damn.

Instructors are so intense  
and some like me don't care.

they're just here becos' they s'pos to be.

We both want to be here  
as much as the dead moth under  
the desk wants to be . . .  
dead.

*Edith M. Harris*

## Untitled

Bloods entwined  
by ancestral furniture,  
quite by accident, they say  
Of love, you guess  
as children do  
in airtight family balloons  
but one sharp point of knowledge  
knives rubber walls to ground.

*Sheila F. Womack*

## Rock-A-Bye Baby

Swelling winds  
race and tumble through the tree tops,  
Splashing through the window  
with a tranquilizer so powerful  
the sand man cried.

*Jackie Dees*

## AT THE READ, I HEARD

This lady next door is  
Presently attempting  
With grating success to  
Eat her saltine plastic  
Wrapped dinner in my ear.  
I have not heard a poem.

*Allen M. Ford*

# Little Monsters

Marjory Todtenbier

The only thing more unconscionable than cheering for the alien team at Homecoming is admitting that you're not desolated by the empty-nest syndrome. And that's why I accepted the three African violets from a friend. She didn't want me to be lonely and without something to care for. How could I tell her I was luxuriating in self-indulgence, ecstatic about a kitchen clean for five consecutive hours, and playing bridge at every opportunity?

So I took the three pots, each with its distinctive leaf characteristic, remembering as a kid how intimidated I was by African violets. My Aunt had some. "Don't touch, don't block their light, don't get water on their leaves." I didn't even go into their private sanctuary if I could avoid it.

Now I had my own little monsters. At first I didn't water them, thinking they'd die a natural death, but my conscience kept chanting "Hippocratic Oath." So I followed my friend's TLC care directions for helpless violets.

All went well for about a week until one of them had a "stroke." I baptized her Geraldine, gave her the last rites, and raced to the plant store where I described her symptoms and received about twenty different bits of expert advice. So much for experts. I brought a book about violets (by some other expert) and some blue crystalline fertilizer and returned home to nurse poor Geraldine.

She was in intensive care for about a week before she could hold up her head again. Her two friends on the window sill welcomed her back from isolation, as we had a little party. Everyone got a drink of blue water (blue because of the fertilizer), and I named the other violets Rosalind and Melinda.

As the girls blossomed, it seemed a good idea to let them reproduce. My mother would like one like Melinda and the others would make nice hospital gifts. I studied my violet guide, clipped a leaf with one inch of stem from each of the girls, laid these in a bed of rooting soil with a small pebble to hold each leaf in position, gave them a healthy dose of blue miracle water, and covered them with Saran Wrap in a north window (no sunlight).

In a few weeks, little leaves popped up, and I mentioned my experiment at the ladies' social. What a mistake that was. Have you ever heard of the violet trade-off? Violet owners seem to have this compulsion to raise their own brand of leafy babies and swap with friends who have a different species. Right then I should have realized what lay ahead. But I didn't.

So now, three years later (and a violet expert in my own right), I must confess in the hope of saving some other innocent soul. I am addicted to raising and reproducing African violets. You may laugh, but this is a real problem.

My friends quit inviting me for coffee (fearing I would foist a green baby on them again), the little old ladies wouldn't admit they were sick, and the church even quit calling for arts and crafts donations for the bazaar.

I'd be lonely if I didn't have my little leafy friends with their lovely flowers to talk to. You have to talk to someone, you know, especially now that the bridge club has dropped me. But I keep busy feeding and bathing and raising the little ones (empty nest, where are you?), and planning an addition to the house - a room with lots of windows for light, running water for blue liquid refreshment, a bin for sterilization dirt, and padded walls for me.

---



# The Return

Sharon Cave

As Mary Peace sat rocking on the front porch of the ramshackle frame house, she slowly waved a wrinkled hand at the distant figures making toward her hilltop home. She had the only real vantage point for many miles, people said, and it was a real pity that the old woman had to have such a shack located so prominently way up there, when the nicer homes in town were spread out all over the flat nothingness of this small western agricultural settlement. The two hikers, just boys, were out for an early morning expedition. In their aimless wandering the boys were not surprised to see the old Indian woman out on her porch at this time of day. They had never passed by her house when she was not at her post, always waving to persons she could not really see. The boys felt a mixture of dislike and pity for the old woman.

"Let's get outta here," the older boy said, feeling awkward at his thoughts.

Mary Peace called out: "HeIII-OOO-OOO? Is that you, Scottie? IS THAT YOU? WHY DON'T YOU BRING YOUR LITTLE BROTHER ON UP HERE? LET'S ALL TALK AND EAT SOME COOKIES."

The boys merely looked upward at their being recognized. "Let's get outta here," the older boy Scottie, repeated. "We ain't allowed here anyways," he added. "Pappa sez so."

"Old squaw." Picking up a rock, the smaller boy heaved it at Mary's house. "YAAAAA-AAH!" They yelled. Then both brothers turned and ran noisily down the gravel-roaded hill, laughing and shouting loudly until they reached some houses near the town limits proper, when they heard their mother calling them.

Mary Peace heard what the two had said. She

sat very still. The faint voice of the kitchen radio in the back part of the house announced the usual weather: "Sunny and hot today, with a slight chance of rain, high today in the mid-nineties." It was the start of a typical blast furnace, scorching hot day in June in the small town of Apache, Oklahoma.

In the blinding glare of the rapidly ascending sun, Mary peered intently at the hard glinting of the few cars crawling slowly north on the H.E. Bailey turnpike a few miles away. Now and then, Mary could make out the shape of a lone car as it veered off the highway in search of gas.

A sparsely leaved pomegranate bush by the porch provided a measure of shade for the old woman. Periodically, Mary would get up and pour a small basin of water on the nearly dead shrub. A slight midmorning breeze now floated through the thin branches, and the wetted leaves acted as a crude cooling device. The tough old plant was Mary's only reminder of her parent's home.

Forty years ago, Mary had been brought here as the new bride of Sam Peace, in a mule drawn wagon. Mary reminisced how at the end of several days' hard journey they had at last arrived in the yard of their new home. It was a

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**"Then he lifted and carried her, still smiling,  
over the threshold,  
'...in the manner of the whites...'"**

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plain house in a bare yard situated at the top of a low hill on the outskirts of a rather drab town. Sam Peace, the proud husband, had stopped the mules, and then, without speaking, he had turned and looked searchingly into his bride's face. He instantly noted the disappointment etched on it. He had quickly jumped off the wagon and tied the mules to a post. He then took a shovel and the pomegranate bush from the back of the wagon, and walked up to the house. After planting his mother-in-law's wedding gift in the place of honor next to the front porch, Sam had turned to the girl, who had left the wagon seat to come over and stand silently beside him, her head lowered. "Does it look OK here?" he asked. Mary had nodded her head in reply. Then he had addressed the plant: "Pomegranate bush,

this is your new home now. It's not much, but I did the best for you I could. Please be happy." Then he had stooped down to pick one of the fluffy red flowers, and as he straightened up and put it in Mary's thickly glossy, braided black hair, she had laughed. She was glad to have such a thoughtful and witty man. Together, they had walked hand-in-hand up the porch steps and stopped at the door. Then he had lifted and carried her, still smiling, over the threshold, "-in the manner of the whites-"

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**"Sam Peace, the proud husband, had stopped the mules, . . . and looked searchingly into his bride's face. He instantly noted the disappointment."**

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Mary's thoughts now returned disturbingly to the present. "I am an alone woman," she inwardly cried, bitterness rising in her heart like the heat of the day. The pomegranate bush mutely reminded her that she would never again see Sam's face this side of life. It was twenty-nine long years ago that Sam had been killed. He had left her with three fine healthy children. Two boys and a girl. Mary felt again the shock of it all. "I was ready to kill myself. If it hadn't been for the children. . . ." For most of those years, Mary and her children had subsisted on little. A small insurance settlement had gone to pay off the house. Now Mary existed on her small kitchen garden, social security payments, and whatever her three adult children brought her when they visited, which was not often. Mary got up from her chair to go in the house. It was noon, lunchtime, Mary thought, and I am not hungry.

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**"In the greenish glow of the screaming storm, Mary saw another incredible sight . . . out in the downpour and wind was a lone male figure."**

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A few minutes after noon, Mary was back out on the porch. An ominous blackness was forming and moving from the clouds being blown from the southwest. Far off in the horizon, Mary heard the rumble of thunder. She hobbled out into the yard and began to pick the few threadbare rags flapping on the fence. The barbed wire ripped a small hole in one of the faded house dresses she

clutched at. She tried valiantly to hurry before the rains came. The lizards in the small dusty garden began to scamper into the nearby woodpile. Their activity and the nervous flitting about of a few birds was noticed by the old woman. Mary also noticed an orange cat run under the house and into the cellar. She felt the wind rise preparatory to the arrival of the storm. Mary laboriously climbed the porch steps, went into the house, and laid her clothes on top of the kitchen table. She sat down on the rickety old chair and reached over to turn up the volume of the radio. There was a lot of static. The noise of the approaching storm outside now added its contribution to the interference. Mary strained to hear the announcer's voice: "We interrupt this program to bring you a special weather bulletin - A severe thunderstorm is headed our way from Texas. The residents of the following counties...are urged to take every precaution...in the event of a tornado we shall...urge everyone ...seek shelter—" And suddenly the radio went dead. The steadily mounting moan of the wind was now the only sound. Mary hoped her children and grandchildren were all in a safe place. "God, please don't let them be worried about me," she prayed.

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**"And the pomegranate bush . . . beside the porch . . . had burst into brilliant carmine red bloom overnight."**

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The rain was pouring down heavily now. As the storm grew more violent outside, Mary Peace stood up and moved her chair away from the window. Intermittent slashes of lightning illuminated a shocking sight - a huge funnel cloud was headed straight for the hill. Inside the house, Mary stood watching the tornado.

In the greenish glow of the screaming storm, Mary saw another incredible sight - out in the downpour and wind was a lone male figure. He was walking lightly up the road. Mary wondered what kind of fool this could be, out wandering around in such a storm. As the man approached the mailbox out by the road, he stopped and looked up the hill at the house. By some miracle it was still standing. The tornado had leaped over it without causing any harm. The man slowly walked up the sidewalk. As she watched him, he



seemed to float up into the air and onto the porch. In the dim light, Mary tried hard to understand what it was that seemed so familiar about him. Suddenly she heard a voice she had never forgotten. "Mary? Mary! Don't keep me out here on the porch! Open this door! I've come to take you with me!" With the speed of a young girl, Mary jumped up and threw open the door. She could not believe what she saw. "SAM! . . . OH! HOW I MISSED YOU!" Then the two young lovers embraced.

Atop the roof of the shack perched a scissor-tailed flycatcher. The bird sang melodiously. Below, in the yard, all the plants in the garden looked

succulent and dewy. The small lizards creeping about in search of insects had an almost iridescent hue in the pink light. And the pomegranate bush - beside the porch - had burst into brilliant carmine red bloom overnight. To the hill, the storm of yesterday was forgotten.

In a few hours, a worried family would walk up to the house, and find their old mother sleeping the dreamless sleep. And when the small group finally started out on the long, slow walk to the house on the hill, the heated atmosphere of the new day would not even yield a rainbow to mark the path of the ones who walk in the sky.

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# GAZERY







IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

# The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the people of the world a new and separate station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, in such a case, dictates that慎重 should be observed; and that no step should be taken which is likely to be irrevocable and unrepairable to posterity. And we have the honor to declare that the thirteen united States of America, at this time, have united to support the said Declaration, and to assume among the people of the world a new and separate station, to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We therefore, the Representatives of the thirteen united States of America, in Congress assembled, do hereby declare, that the thirteen united States of America, at this time, have united to support the said Declaration, and to assume among the people of the world a new and separate station, to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

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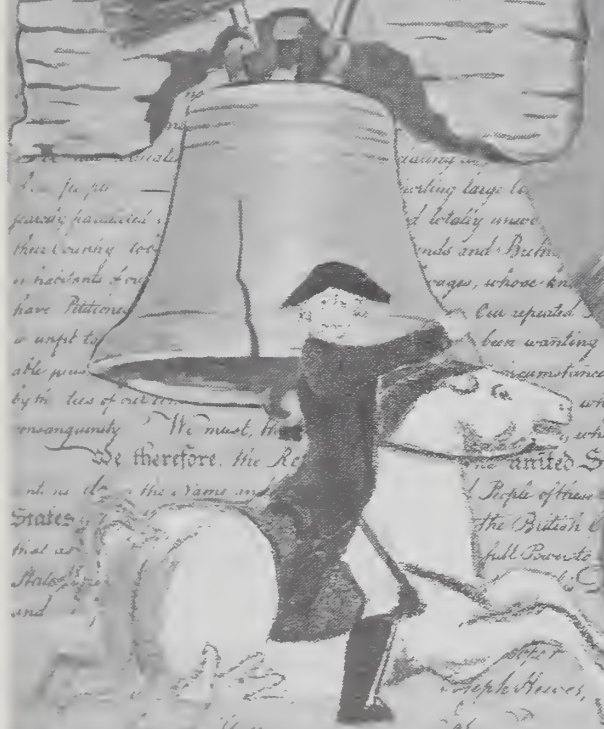
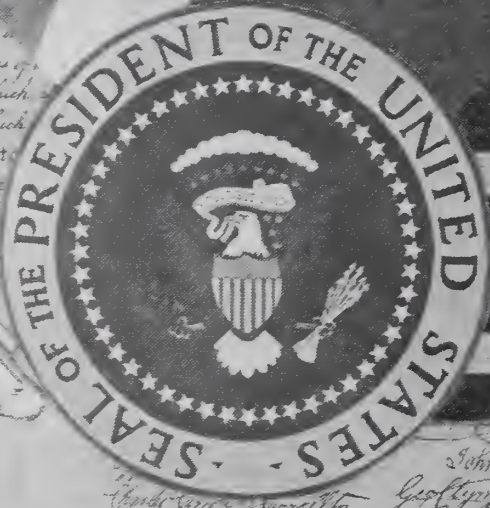
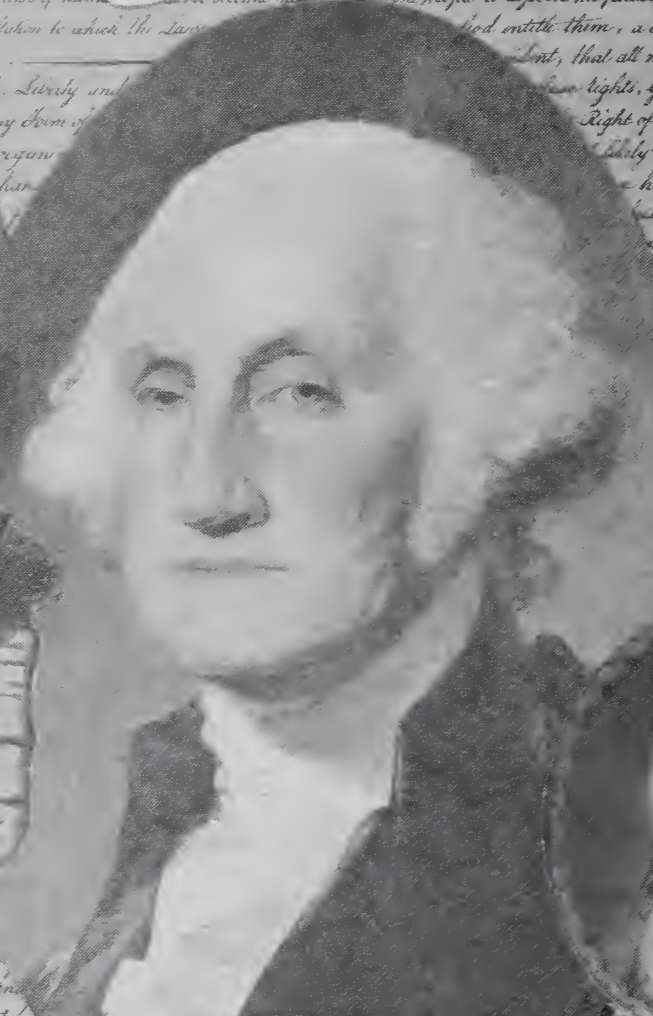
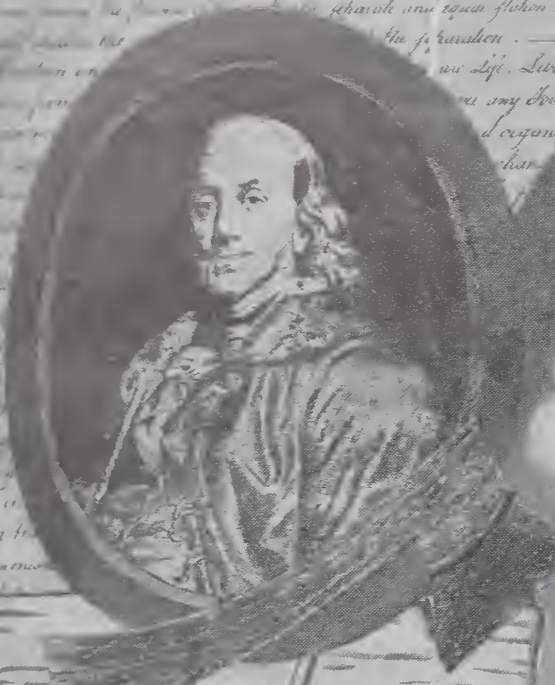
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John Adams  
Thomas Jefferson

Edmund Randolph

John Jay  
Thomas Jefferson  
Arthur Middleton

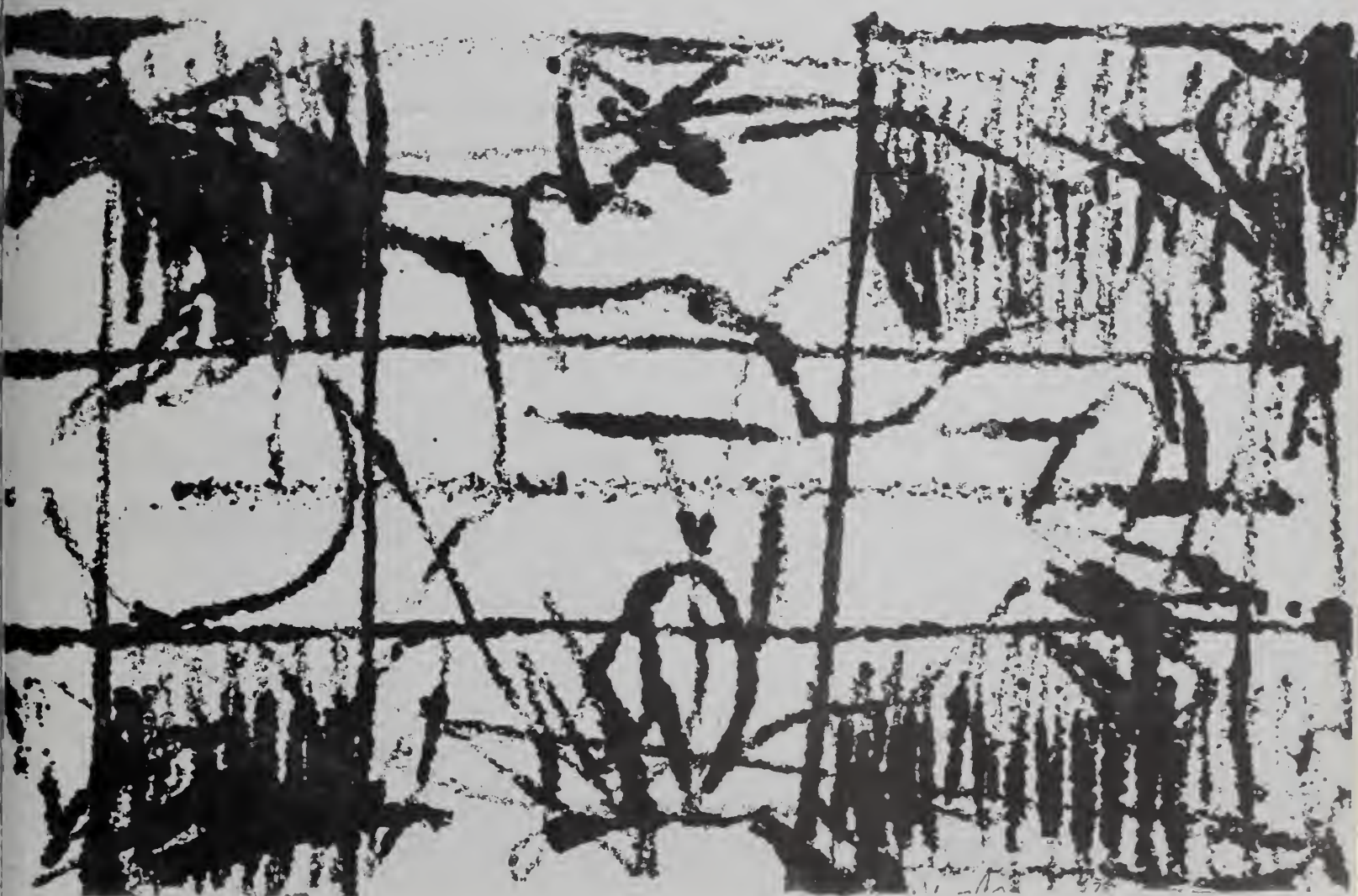
George Wythe  
Richard Henry Lee  
M. Jeffries  
Benjamin Harrison  
Theodorick Bland  
Charles Carroll

John Morton  
George Mason  
Jas. Smith  
Jas. Taylor  
James Wilson  
Wm. Wirt  
Casar Wray  
G. W. Wray  
Thos. M. Wray

Lewis Morris  
Rich. Stockton  
Jas. Witherspoon  
Jas. Thompson  
John Hart  
Abra. Clark

Robert Treat  
Strobridge  
Stearns  
William  
Roger  
John  
M. Wray  
Charles  
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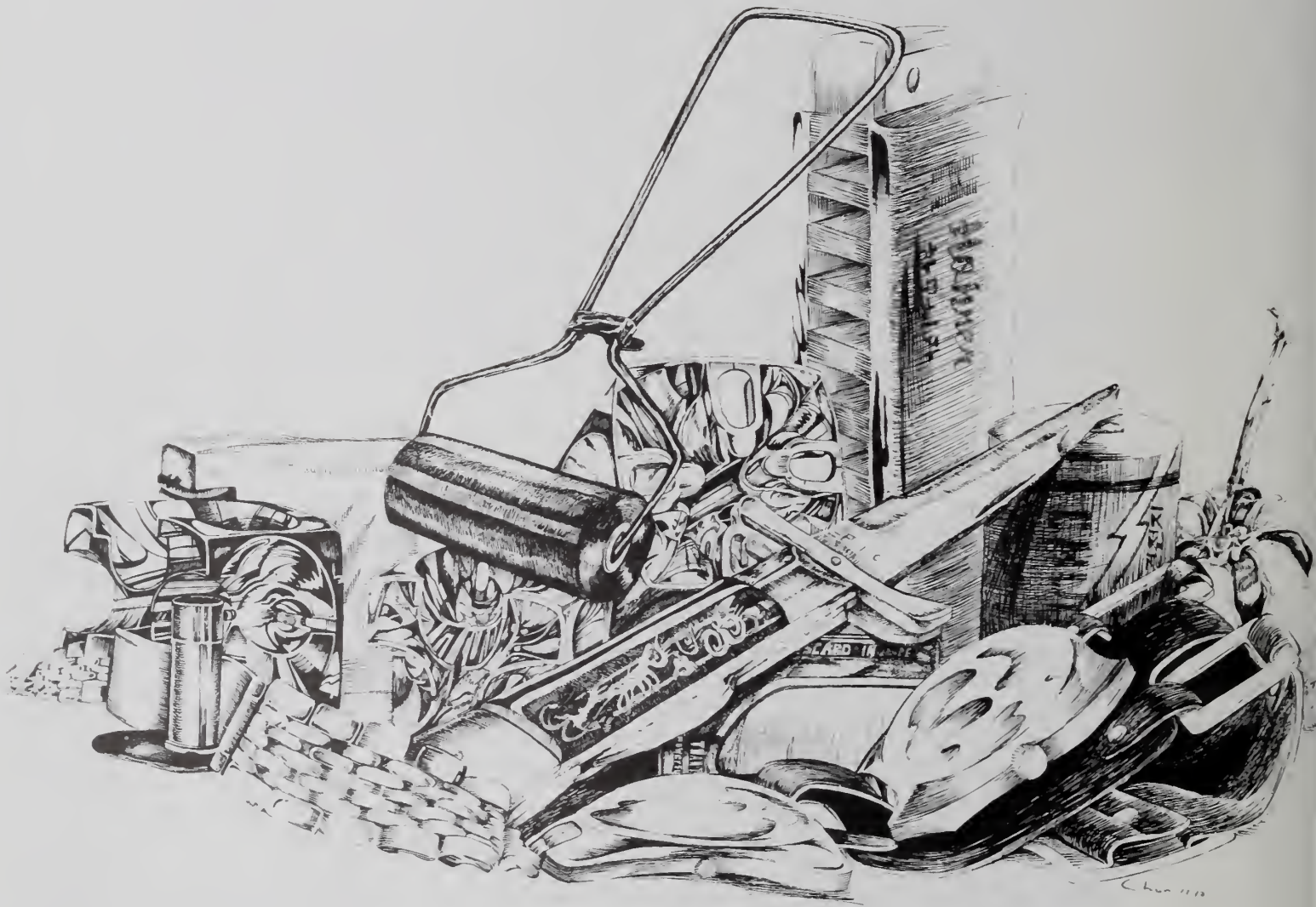


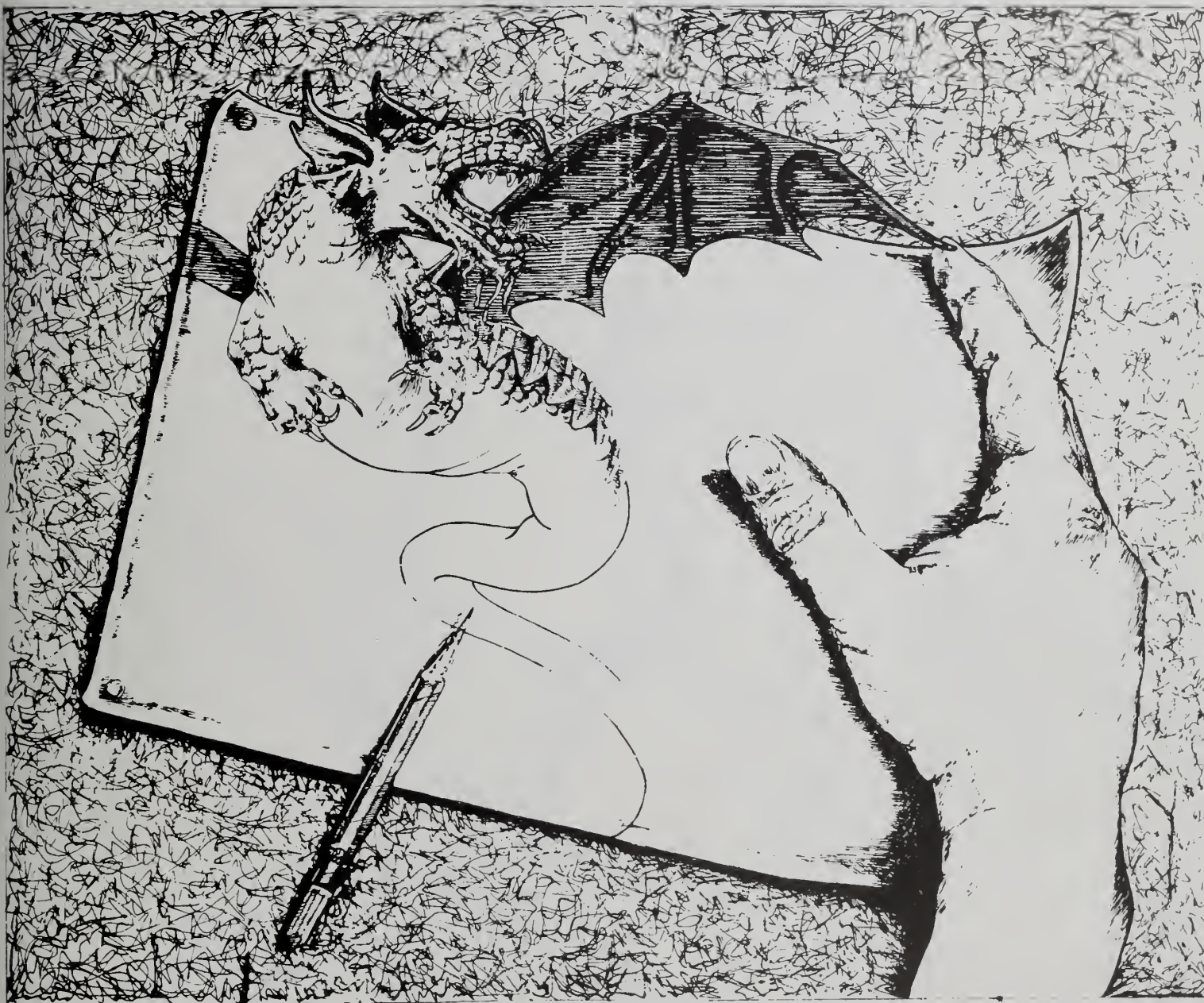










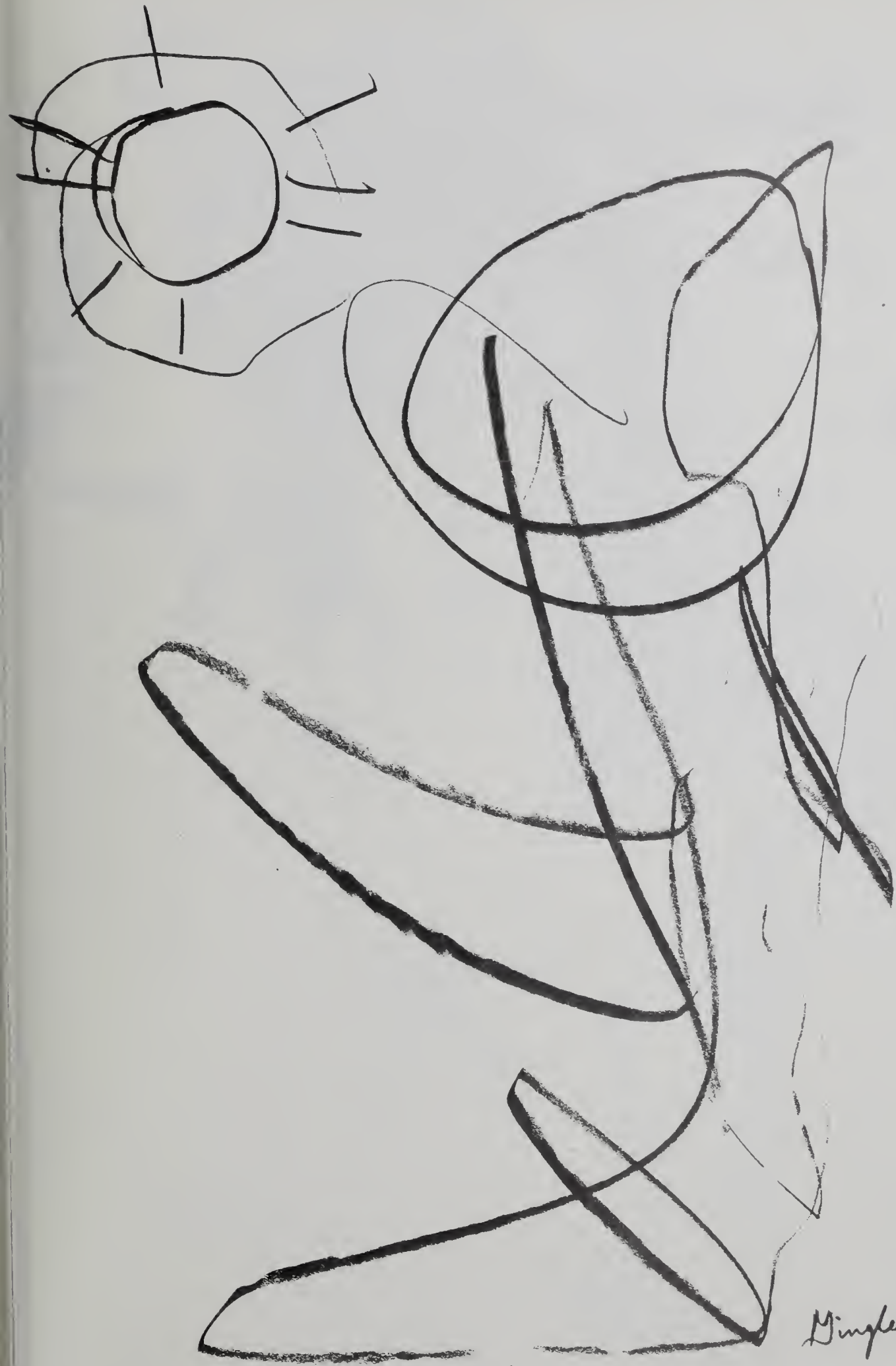




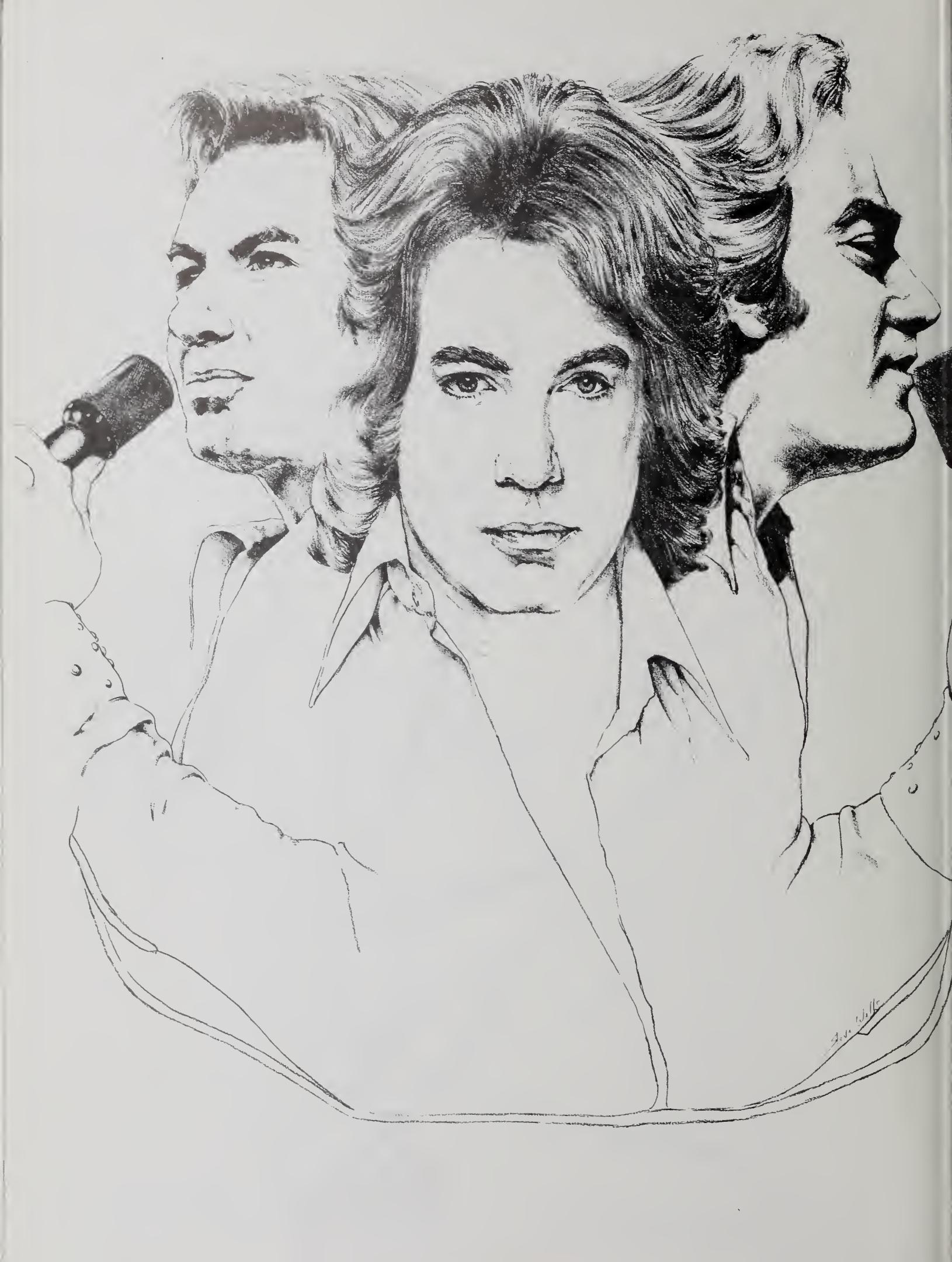


Arl E. Burns





Dingley 78















STOCK MARKET







Louis L. L. L.









ARGUS 50

# WHO'S

# WHO

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*Jim Allen*-Jim is a Clinical Psychology graduate student in his first semester at Northwestern. Besides studying people, he is a connoisseur of the poetry of Anne Sexton.

*Donny L. Boyett*-“World Ruler of the lake” as his name literally translates, Donny enjoys the sounds of Bach and Styx. His hobbies include bicycling with his bow and arrow in search of coins.

*Cecil E. Burns*-Cecil, NSU’s guru-in-residence, is a former minister and a current graduate Art student. One of his favorite quotes by Lao Tzu is, “The way which can be spoken in not the eternal way.”

*Sharon Cave*-Sharon, a senior English major, comes to Natchitoches from Huntsville, Alabama. She enjoys monies, magazines about topical subjects, and considers Animal House an excellent example of NSU’s campus life.

*Mark Charleville*-A graduate Art student, Mark comes to NSU from LSU. Known as a “figurative” painter, Mark’s works are noted for their surrealistic quality.

*Lindal Coston*-As a homemaker and educator, Lindal is interested in contemporary, innovative teaching techniques.

*Jackie Dees*-From Many, Louisiana, Jackie is a Journalism-News Editorial major who spends a considerable amount of time listening to her plants. Besides writing, she enjoys photography and is vice-president of Sigma Delta Chi.

*Debbie Fitch*-Debbie is a native of Acadiana and a junior majoring in Psychology. She loves Diane Keaton’s movies, Janis Ian’s lyrics, and quarter-horse babies.

*Allen M. Ford*-In his second semester as editor-in-chief of ARGUS, Allen has suddenly developed a passion for flying. After graduating as an English major, he hopes to pursue and education in Aviation Science.

*Chuck Fulda*-Chuck is a senior from Leesville, Louisiana, who intends to begin Law School at LSU next year. After graduation, Chuck aspires to a career as a Louisiana statesman.

*Billy Ray Gingles*-Billy Ray, an ARGUS cornerstone, is a compulsive train-car counter. Among his vices is drinking too much tea on his visits home.

*Edith M. Harris*-A graduating senior from Baton Rouge, Edith is currently a top competitor for Miss NSU 1978. Her main ambition for this fall is to escape from Northwestern clutching her well-earned diploma.



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*Jennifer Harrison*-Jennifer is a 20-year-old Psychology major with an emphasis in English. Her philosophy of writing is "Write what you feel; be spontaneous and honest. Your best efforts will be a result of writing what you feel inside."

*Brenda F. Hebert*-Brenda is a sophomore Social Work major from Opelousas, Louisiana. She enjoys working with people and hopes someday to help juvenile delinquents.

*IET 350 Class*-ARGUS welcomes four members of this beginning photography class to its pages. The newcomers are George Dixon, Michael Fisher, Carla Lee, and Dee Villard.

*Vickie M. Karamales*-Vickie's haiku contribution demonstrates the principle that imagination can take over where experience ends.

*Randy Logan*-Randy, a graduate student in Clinical Psychology, taught an orientation class this semester from which he cited evidence that pathological behavior is more prevalent in freshmen.

*Joe Moran*-Joe is a graduate art student interested in mysticism in art. His interests include photography and jazz.

*Nigel Nicholson*-Nigel is a Scottish emigrant majoring in psychology. His favorite authors include Hermann Hesse, Issac Asimov, and Arthur Conan Doyle.

*Chun Paek*-Chun, a native Korean, comes to Northwestern from Shreveport, Louisiana. He is an Art major and expounds "no comment" on his creations.

*Carolyn Pentecost*-Carolyn is a Physical Therapy major in her second year at NSU. Besides commuting from Many, she spends her time writing, taking photos, and enjoying people.

*Sonya Rozeman*-From Shreveport, Louisiana, Sonya is a senior English Education major. Her hobbies include writing research papers and watching "The Young and the Restless." After graduation, she plans to enlighten the youth of America.

*Jamie Sanders*-Jamie, typically Taurus, is stubborn, artistic, and enjoys working with people. He is a senior Speech major from Shreveport, Louisiana, and spends his spare time clowning.

*Sandra Serio*-Sandra, a native of New Orleans, is an Advertising Design major. In her second year at NSU, Sandra often wonders how she wound up in Natchitoches.

*Marilyn Sorrell*-Social Security number 470-78-8728, known as Marilyn to her friends, was enrolled in a creative writing class at Ft. Polk last spring.

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*Christel Steyerman*- Christel Steyerman enjoys gardening, and nature scenes are often prevalent in her writings.

*Mary Todtenbier*-Mary, amazingly enough, is a senior English major AND mother of five children. Her clan includes one NSU graduate, two current NSU students, and one grandchild-hopefully, a future NSU student.

*Robert Tooke*-An unlikely Forestry major, Bob is an up and coming photographer who enjoys jazz.

*Cindy Totten*-Cindy, a known subversive, is a native Basilian majoring in Speech and English. Her hobbies include writing poetry, wumbling (a combination of walking and stumbling), and complaining of nugginess (nastiness and ugliness combined) of life.

*Donna Traub*-Donna is a Biology major from New Orleans, Louisiana. When not volleying about, she enjoys frozen yogurt with her science fiction.

*Bill Twilbeck*-Bill, a John Travolta look-alike, is a freshman from Metairie, Louisiana. When he's not collecting seagulls, Bill spends his time girl-watching in true Travolta style.

*Dennis Tyler*-Interested in people, Dennis is drawn to the individual in an "individual" situation. His first time to appear in Argus, this native of New Orleans makes an impressive entrance.

*Jerry Van Hoosen*-"Sparky," alias Jerry Van Hoosen, was born in Twin Falls, Idaho, at the base of the Rocky Mountains near Snake River Canyon. His hometown's fame derives from that well-known canyon that Evel Knievel couldn't jump.

*Sally Vaught*-Sally, a serious cloud-watcher, hails from DeRidder, Louisiana, and is a freshman English major. Her favorite quotation is "free with no boundaries but your own."

*Steve Wells*-Steve, an old-timer with ARGUS, is a senior majoring in Advertising Design. When questioned concerning his philosophies, Steve replied simply, "Art is my life."

*Sheila F. Womack*-Sheila is a Journalism-Public Relations major from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Her most recent vow is to never write another Who's Who In Argus again - at least until next semester.

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